

Trojan Army of Darkness Pt. 5

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Trojan Army of Darkness pt.4

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The Trojan Army of Darkness

> <!--HEAD2--> <h3>A Evil DeadHercules/Xena Adventure

By GoodAsh

Hercules, Xena and Evil Dead character are property of Renaissance Pictures. Isaac Hayes was not in any way responsible for this part of our story

Note: This story is presented in serial form...just for the fun of cliffhangers.

Chapter 9

It was a course in military insanity. As Ares watched from his perch, far above the range of mortal eyes, he witnessed exactly what the Deadites had planned. Each of the Deadite generals; the adventurers once known as Hercules, Xena, Iolaus and Gabrielle, fanned off, each in a compass direction. Hercules took South, Xena headed North and Gabrielle and Iolaus, West and East respectively, each with a large invading force of those nasty living corpses. Ares now knew what the Deadites had in mind...total world domination. And with that, he shot off into nowhere.

Chapter 10

Well, not exactly nowhere. He headed back to report to Ash. Ares

hated the idea of having to report to that cocky, insolent, feather-brained mortal, but until he had the Necronomicon, he needed the jerk alive.

"So, what's up Are-head?"

Ares suppressed his rage. "It seems that the new Deadite captains have each taken off in a different direction. It seems as if the Deadites are going to try and cover a lot of ground real quick."

Ash belched. "World domination, ey? I knew I hated those little rat-bastards for some reason, other than the fact that they're always pissin' me off. Anything else?"

"Ah yes, I bring to you a gift from Hephaestos, blacksmith of the Gods. He is very proud of this to say the least, and he said he would like to talk to you sometime about where you came up with the idea for this wonderful gadget." Ares pulled out a burlap sack. Like a little kid Ash quickly unwrapped it and pulled out the contents. Inside was the most beautiful thing he had ever laid eyes on, almost bringing him to tears. Ash pulled out the golden weapon almost as if he had discovered the Holy Grail. He removed his metal hand and snapped the weapon down on the empty socket. With his free hand Ash yanked the pull cord. The Golden Chainsaw of Hephaestos roared to mystical life. Ash was speechless...except for one word.

"Groovy."

Chapter 11

As each of our intrepid heroes, (And Ares) left the the campsite, they each knew the task ahead. Each had their own particular task and their own particular captain to stop. Joxer was in charge of halting the westward expansion of Gabrielle, Autolycus had the duty of blockading Iolaus and his troops, Ares had picked Xena, mostly because even as a Deadite, Zeus would probably kick his ass for touching Hercules, and Ash had the dubious honor of capturing the Son of Zeus himself, and Ash had the feeling that the book would be found there as well. And once that was found, Ash decided that it would never be found again...

That is, unless Xena had it.

Ares hoped she did, and that she'd put up a struggle for it. He liked it when his women struggled.

Chapter 12

Needless to say, that as narrator and quite omnipotent presenter of this story, the tragedies which befell the pitiful attempts of both Joxer the Mighty and Autolycus, the King of Thieves in their attempts to halt the movement of Iolaus and Gabrielle, are beyond embarrassing, and as such, I have decided, out of complete and total respect for said heroes, that these tales of misery and countless stick-hitting-the-crotch jokes be struck from the tale. (Okay, I don't really respect either, but as a man, I can feel Joxer's pain. Did she really have to just KEEP hitting him? I mean, come on, one good shot'll do it.)

Chapter 13

Ares stood and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Until he figured out that he was in the wrong place. So he moved.

And waited.

And waited.

Finally, Xena's army of the dead lumbered over the horizon. Singing a marching hymn that he did not recognize. Nor would he ever. But he definitely recognized the voice leading the foreign march tune. Xena.

"Who's the black private dick who's a sex machine to all the chicks" She cried.

A thousand voices strong, the Army answered her query "Shaft!"

"Damn right!" She fired back with drill-instructor precision.

Ares had no freaking clue what was happening.

Once again she cried out, as the army came ever closer to Ares. "Who is the man who would risk his neck for his brother man?"

Again the same reply. "Shaft!"

"Can you dig it?"

Ares started to become perturbed at this song. But oddly enough it was also appealing at the same time.

Xena halted. She looked straight into the eyes of Ares and scoffed. "They say this cat Shaft is a bad mother--"

Ares could not believe what Xena was about to say and cut her off. "Shut your mouth!" He screamed.

"I'm just talkin' about Shaft!"

Ares tried hard to fight it, but the funky rhythm had done something to his godly form. Instead of a manly rant as he was accustomed to, he merely said, "I can dig it."

It was then that Xena's army charged at Ares. He might as well have changed his name to George Custer...

Chapter 14

Ash was pissed. And for good reason. He'd been riding for almost a day straight and was completely certain that his butt would retain the shape of the saddle for at least a week. More than that, he found that when you stop for a quick pit-stop on the trail, it's probably

best not to used the three-leaved plants as toilet paper. All he knew now was that son-of-furry-faced-lightning-crapping-Zeus or not, Hercules was in for a world of hurt. Ass-kicking a-go-go as the French might put it.

It was just then that he felt his stump begin to throb. He knew he must be in the general vicinity of the Necronomicon. Ever since that damn book possessed his hand, its like the stump has been out for revenge, and the old familiar tingle was back. The only thing was, it was getting dark. Well, not that that was a problem for Ash. Its just that the Deadites always got a little stronger at night. Ash sat down to think of a plan to get the Necronomicon. Nothing came to mind immediately.

"Ah, what the hell." he said, and pulled the ripcord on the Golden Chainsaw of Hughhefner, or whatever his name was. Ash ran off across the meadow and down the next hill. Up the next and down one after that. He stoppped to take a breath. He thought to himself to actually test with his stump what "general vicinity" meant. He then forged uphill once more straight into the waiting arms of Hercules, who did not hug Ash because he missed his company...

To be continued. (With the conclusion!!! I PROMISE this time)

End
file.